



My Pal Toby



160 8 6

Chapter 1 by Unkie

Alaska is a beautiful and sacred land, especially for those of use who love the outdoors. I was 10 years old and loved fishing in the nearby river in hopes of catching the evening meal. The forest was all around and the sky was clear and the sun was oh so warm this day. I was having a great day with 5 good size salmon already on my stringer. When the fish stopped biting, I was going to go back home, but decided to stay a while longer. The sunlight was blinding my eyes, so I closed them. Next thing I remember was to hear the roaring sound of a bear...and he was close.

I had no defense. No gun, just a barlow pocket knife that I won in a marble game with my friend Eric. I got up and ran....ran for dear life, but tripped on a limb that I tried to leap over. I was screaming for help but the bear was now on top of me and ready to make a massive swipe with his paw.

Just then a 4 legged figure emerged from the forest and ran in front of the bear and started barking and taunting him. I remember thinking "it's a dog, but it's so tiny. We are both going to die right here" The dog was so brave and agitated the bear so much that he took off after the dog who then ran into the forest.

Chapter 2 by Joey Moldano

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I still couldn't catch my breath wh... is running towards us. It is a Park Service Ranger. I have not... be new. He is probably in his late fifties, looking str...

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"Are you ok?" he asked and his eyes were searching bushes, trees and area all around. His little sturdy staffie already by his side.

"Yes, yes, I am. Thank you, I thought I was dead!"

Tears begun run on my face, I was crying.

"Well, do not come here again alone, boy, alright? Something is driving bears and wolfs out of their territory, I am trying to find out who or what it is. Have you seen someone or something unusual?"

"No, sir, I have not. But I will keep my eyes open and if I see something, I tell you." Ranger was now my hero and I wanted to become one when I grow up.

"Here, this is my phone number." He passed me his business card.

"Where do you live, sporty?"

"Over there, I'm from Williams family."

"Is David Williams your father?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ok, I'll take you home and have a word with him, let's go."

My father was in the barn working on our old pickup truck.

His eyebrows rised in surprise when he saw a Ranger driving his son home.

"Hello sir, what has he done?" was his first words in expectation of some problem.

"Hello Mr.Williams, your son has done nothing wrong, but I have to talk to you about your family safety." He sounded serious.

"Ehm, really? Of course, of course, let's go inside and have some coffee."

Father and ranger went inside our home and I was dying to hear what has the ranger to say.

Ranger stopped me at the door: "C'mon sporty, this is adult talk, wait outside."

Little had know, that if I sneaked under the kitchen window, I could hear them talk.

Mom just made coffee and all three of them were sitting at the table. Mom was obviously nervous.

"Mr.Williams your son was almost attacked by a bear. Have you noticed bears, wolfs, or other animals in your vicinity lately?"

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"Ehm, of course, we are not. I have not noticed more of them lately, but I have not seen any bears. They are more common in the forest. Are you asking anyway?"

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"You know something is driving those animals out of their natural territory. Have you seen something or someone unusual in the woods, Mr. Williams?"

"Actually yes, I have. But I doubt this would be the cause. I saw some film makers in town recently, they wanna make a documentary here. That is what I've heard. Makes no sense, there is nothing special to make a film about here."

"Anyway, do not let your kids near the woods alone. And you Mr. Williams, you should bare a gun."

"A gun?" mom whispered.

"I allways have my rifle outside with me, ranger. Always in my car."

"Glad to hear that. Have a gun ready even here, at home, please. For your own good."

"Officer, you are scaring me, what it is going on?" mom asked.

"Do not worry Mrs. Williams, it is just more animals moving around. It will be fine."

I was ten and I allready knew, he was not telling the whole truth. I t was not completely fine. There was something in the woods and I was going to find out what it was.

Chapter 3 by Unkie



Dad took me with him to the Trine River sporting goods store, our town hangout, to catch up on the local news and gossip. Dad asked if anyone knew about a movie company in the forest making a movie. Stan, the shop owner told him that "yes there is a group checking out our town and landscape along with 4 others towns in Alaska. Ours is their 2nd stop and after the next 3 they will decide.

"Well then, what is making all the racket that is frightening the wildlife?" Dad asked. No one knew. At that Dad pulled Stan aside and questioned him about a what would be a good weapon for protection against bears and other predators?"

Stan showed him the Ruger Hawkeye Alaskan. It was nice, but Dad wanted a handgun. "I think then that a .357, the Taurus Tracker handgun is a great option" he said. "With this handgun you can shoot very accurately and quickly but still deliver fatal penetration using high velocity solids, perfect for bear country.

Dad bought the Taurus, some she... by our house to practice. We both were pretty wild in the beginning, but after... started hitting the target. Sometimes. Soon v...

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Now I was ready to head into the forest with the handgun at my side to find out for myself what, if anything, was going on.

Chapter 4 by Unkie



I was a couple of hundred yards in the forest when I found the little dog that saved my life a week ago. He was trapped in a deep hole, at least deep for him, and he couldn't get out. Now was my turn to save him. I jumped in the hole and cradled him under my arm as I crawled back out.

He looked hungry so I took him home and gave him food and water. When mom & dad came home I asked if we could keep him. Dad was hesitant and finally told me I can keep him after we place a found ad in the paper. If nobody calls, he's yours.

How long do we have to wait? "We live in a small town so I think a week should be enough" said Dad. "Thanks Dad" I said. "I wanta call him Tobe, after my best friend who moved away last year. "We'll see"

Chapter 5 by Jannie Rae



That week was the slowest. I thought the clock totally stopped a couple of times. Friday finally came and Dad honored his word. He took me to town and we bought some dog food rawhide bones, play toys, and a frisbee. I was in heaven! Tobe & I played the rest of the day and then at bed time he walked into my room and claimed his spot on my bed just like he had done it for years.

Chapter 6 by Sci-Fi Pie



I played with Toby every single day. It was so much fun! In fact, I forgot about how I even ended up finding him in the first place. I was supposed to find what really caused that bear to almost kill me and all those other creatures to appear near our town. So one day, Toby and I set off into the woods again. Of course, I still had the gun my father gave me by my side. The legal age to wield a gun in 18, so I had to make sure nobody would spot me

As I got closer to the forest, I saw **See more of Story Wars** confirmed for a second until I remembered I had that gun. I didn't want to shoot the body. Well, well, My first kill.

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Suddenly, though, I noticed something very strange. There was a weird mechanic thing in the wolf's neck. I tried to take it out and it gave me an electric shock. There must have been some sort of chip in there. Someone was forcing the animals to come out here against their will using mind control.

I stood up and called for Toby. It turned out he got scared of the gunshot and hid behind a tree. I gave him a treat and he was alright. But just then, I heard a car coming up. I turned around, only to see a jeep approaching us at high speed. I jumped behind a rock and signalled for Toby to join me. The car was stopped and two men came out. One of them was smoking a cigarette and the awful smell was getting to me, but I couldn't come out.

"Somebody shot it with a handgun." One of the men took out the bullet and inspected it.

"It was a cheap gun. A Taurus Tracker. Judging by the quality of the gun and the shot itself, this wasn't an experienced shooter. So, it couldn't have been a hunter." I got butterflies in my stomach.

"It's a low shot too. Somebody weak who couldn't keep the gun up after pulling the trigger. Maybe a guy was teaching their kid to shoot."

"Either way, we can't have people shooting them. We'll only get paid if the town is full of predators." One of them cursed very badly and they both returned to the car and drove off. The car was followed by two more, but those ones didn't stop. One of them was a car with a camera tripod on the roof and the other one was the ranger's truck. This was bad.

Chapter 7 by Jannie Rae



I hurried back to the cabin with Toby along side me wondering what this is all about. I remember thinking that Dad would know about it and what to do....Dad knows everything. We finally got home and Dad was nowhere to be found..Mom either. The cabin was torn up with a lamp lying on the floor..broken. Toby was sniffing the floor around the sofa pretty intensely so I got down and took a better look. It was blood...a lot of blood. I ran to the phone and called the sheriff.

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seen at the cabin and the strange things going on around our area. Then Ranger Rick started laughing. "Sporty, there is nothing odd going on in town, the woods, or your home that cannot be explained. You see, the rumors are true. There is a movie production company in town and they hired your parents to be actors. That's why your cabin was torn up and blood everywhere. They are making a horror film. I heard that your parents did an outstanding acting job." said Ranger Rick. "in fact you and your dog Toby are in parts of the movie. Your dad thought it would be more convincing if you didn't know". "WOW TOBY" I shouted.. "we are movie stars". Toby walked over and licked my face and then laid down for a nap.

the end

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